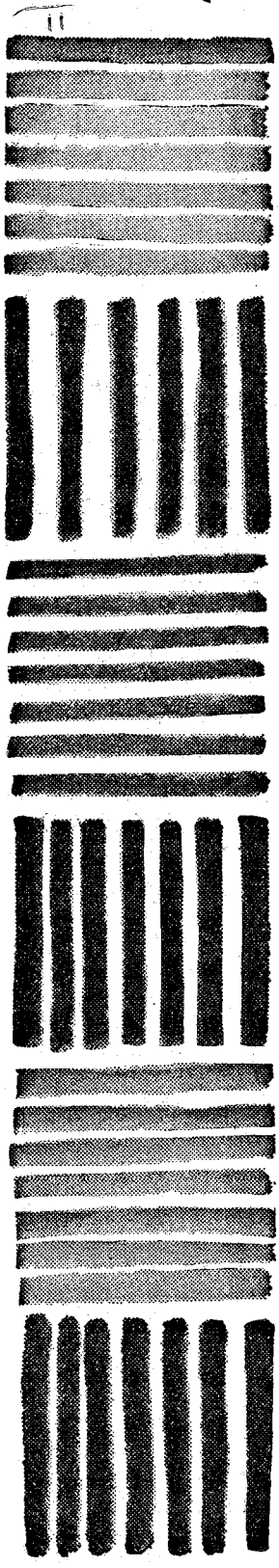
DEATH OF THE READER: Wright Morris

THE NATION

CDC

January 13, 1964 . . 35c



Ottawa Report

Pearson Loses Round One

Rolf E. Spencer

VISION of a MODERN CHURCH

Elisabeth Mann Borgese

Can Business Grasp the Future?

Peter L. Bernstein

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LETTERS

The educated poor

Jamaica, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Your editorial note on the extent of poverty in the United States, in the issue of January 4, seriously understates the problem, as do most of the published studies in this area. In part this has to do with the technical inadequacies of federal government statistical programs and the mistakes in the "weighting" of cost-of-living indexes. But the "elasticity" of definitions of "adequacy," to which you refer, conceals much more serious problems. . . .

It is unlikely that professional workers would usually be included in such categories as "inadequate" or "minimum adequacy," but — just to take a few cases at random — where should we place the internationally known specialist in linguistics at a New England college who gets just over $3,000 per year, the professor of geology and chairman of his department at a Midwestern college who, within a year of retirement, is getting about twice that, or the nurses in the state hospitals of Indiana (a fairly typical state) who get $3,600 . . . ?

The rather commonly made assumption that the poor are a special group, more or less isolated from society as a whole, is sheer nonsense. . . .

Galbraith, of course, is quite wrong in discussing the poor as *the* uneducated group. . . . Historically, the educated have always been poor; they still are. . . .

Henry Black

What we are

Chicago Heights, Ill.

Dear Sirs: I object very strongly to a side comment in Richard Condon's "'Manchurian Candidate' in Dallas" (*The Nation*, Dec. 28). I have italicized the remark in this quotation from the article: "Neither saints nor assassins appear among us fully grown and wholly developed. *All of us are nothing more than the result of our conditioning.*" It is a vicious idea which is partially responsible for the condition we find ourselves in today. People use it for only one thing: to justify their own lack of vitality and responsibility. . . .

D. Willard

The real line

Spring Grove, Ill.

Dear Sirs: Jerome Ellison ("Television: Stimulant to Violence," Dec. 21) and many other commentators on television violence overlook the ultimate immorality: in the closing scenes, the offer of love and/or understanding is made, thus, ultimately rewarding the violence. I say it is immoral, because it is untrue. Rarely does the violent delinquent get the love and/or understanding he needs, either before or after his acts. As long as television holds out the promise of "rehabilitation," the pre-delinquent and delinquent child is going to feel cheated, and he will continue his acting out until he is caught and forcibly restrained.

William S. T. Holcomb

Cheers

New York City

Dear Sirs: Cheers to Emile Capouya ("The Varieties of Love," Dec. 28) for perceptively steering through the shoals of the current erotica deluge, and dropping clear markers.

Morris Renek

The victim

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Along with *The Nation*, I deplore the clumsy, heavy-handed "leaks" which seem to answer (or should I say cover?) everything but the most important question of all— the matter of how Lee Harvey Oswald did the *reputedly* impossible, *alone*.

It is really shocking to see how faithfully most of the press has represented what tends to corroborate Oswald's guilt as prima facie evidence, and what seems to cast doubt on the man's guilt as "wild rumors." We seem to be saying, let's isolate this messy thing to one disturbed individual. Let's not rock our undemocratic, political "ship of state."

There's nothing like the assassination of a President and the murder of his assassin to reveal how politically (economically) controlled and singularly "unfree" our speech really is.

George Winston

Water waste

El Cajon, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Carl Dreher in "Solving the Water Shortage" (*The Nation*, Dec. 28), mentions that San Diego consumes 80 million gallons a day. What San Diego does, of course, is dump 80 million gallons of water into the ocean each day via its sewage system. And why? This water can be reclaimed, as *is sewage water in many other cities.* If we are too fastidious to drink it, then an irrigation system to carry it to farming lands . . . may well be less expensive than all this atomic bruhaha!

In a water-starved area such as ours, isn't it just a bit insane to have hundreds of thousands of "swimming pools" acting primarily as evaporating basins to send unused masses of water back into the atmosphere?

Naturally, doing anything not spectacular about conserving water hardly fits into our system of conspicuous waste and is, therefore, ridiculous.

Robert Karger

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Diplomacy of Mutual Example

Year's end greetings may be only a polite formality, as empty as the current reference to an "everlasting and indestructible" friendship between China and the Soviet Union that has been ascribed to Mao Tse-tung. However, the exchanges between Premier Khrushchev and President Brezhnev on the one side, and President Johnson on the other, seem to be based on more than a new calendar. Perhaps they foretell only further deferment of hope that the cold war will end — but perhaps the transition to a phase less perilous and less expensive is at last in the offing.

Khrushchev spoke about a "diplomacy of mutual example": what he has in mind, apparently, is something like Charles Osgood's proposal of several years ago: one side would make a small unilateral concession in its military posture, and look to see if the other side reciprocated. If this feedback worked, a second step away from the barricades would be taken. By this process the armament race could be put into reverse, and the time might eventually become ripe for disarmament by negotiation.

For his part, President Johnson has been more outgoing than his predecessor desired (or dared) to be. At least verbally, he insists on pursuing the war in Vietnam until victory is achieved (which may be never), but toward Russia he is — again verbally — about as conciliatory as would seem opportune at this juncture. It is most encouraging that Mr. Johnson does not intend to await the outcome of the election before taking steps to ameliorate the cold war. If the Republicans wish to take him up on this issue, they may do so—at their own risk. Almost everyone thought that reducing the arms budget would be political dynamite, but the White House mail is running 5 to 1 in favor of the Johnson-McNamara action that is closing thirty-three domestic and overseas bases.

In addition to small, cautious steps, there is always the possibility of a radical move. In Berlin, perhaps? The Soviets insist on keeping the East Germans bottled up, but the opening of the Wall for West Berliners over the holidays has proved popular. It would appear that most West Berliners choose to visit their relatives on the other side, even if it raises the dire specter of quasi-recognition of the East German regime. If some arrangement could be made to prevent the West German Government from depopulating East Germany, the Soviets might tear the Wall down. If West Germany could agree to neutralization of all Germany, even reunification would become a possibility.

At the very least, Germany will no longer be an insurmountable obstacle to an East-West *détente*. Chancellor Adenauer constituted such an obstacle in his own person; Chancellor Erhard does not. The fears that Adenauer would keep a checkrein on Erhard appear not to have materialized. At their meeting at the LBJ Ranch, Mr. Johnson made it plain to Herr Erhard that the customary lectures on the danger of dealing with Communists could be skipped. He was aware of the dangers, he emphasized; he was also aware of the dangers inherent in a fixed posture of hostility.

The possibility of a real relaxation of tensions is enhanced by the internal and external troubles of the Soviet Union. When Mr. Khrushchev says the USSR needs peace, we may well believe him. His credibility is supported by Soviet purchases of hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of wheat in the West. Another piece of confirming evidence is the Soviet-Chinese tension along the Sinkiang border. In effect, Khrushchev is fighting a two-front cold war. He probably likes it as little as the German General Staff liked fighting on two fronts in World Wars I and II.

The millennium is still far off, but things do look better as the new year starts.

Man of the Year

Time has selected as its Man of the Year for 1963 Martin Luther King, Jr. From *The Nation's* standpoint, there could hardly be a better choice. For three years running, Dr. King has honored *The Nation* by writing an annual piece on the outlook for civil rights, and he will do so again this year. But there is a flaw in *Time's* eloquent discourse on Dr. King which its subject, wise in the ways of racism and politics, can scarcely fail to detect. It may be inadvertent, but *Time* too is wise in such matters, and it is more likely that the selection of Dr. King had two purposes. The magazine wanted to praise him, sure enough, but it also wanted to use that praise to show that the Negro in America today is not so badly off and should not be too insistent in his demands for freedom.

The manner of getting this thought across was to insert an eight-page color spread in the King biography. The caption, "Every Negro Who Discharges His Duty Faithfully Is Making a Real Contribution," is a quote from Carl T. Rowan, one of three Negro United States ambassadors. Then follows less than a page of text, in which *Time* remarks that, to be sure, 60 per cent of non-white families in the U.S. still earn less than $4,000 a year, as against only 26 per cent of white families. And Negroes still comprise only 3 per cent of the nation's 180,000 college teachers, 2 per cent of its 230,000 physicians, 1 per cent of its 2,560,000 salaried managers, and so on. Having shown its fairness, *Time* then guides the reader to the picture gallery, starting with Lena Horne, Rafer Johnson, Willie Mays, Harry Belafonte, Miles Davis and Leontyne Price — certainly a dazzling array of pulchritude, musicianship and physical prowess — and on through bishops, surgeons, diplomats, legislators and government officials, doctors and dentists, educators, air

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force and naval officers, a scientist, a "realtor" who came to Cleveland with 6c and, at sixty-five, is a millionaire gas-station owner, and a mortgage banker whose motto is, "First you have to have the dream, then put in the work." These have "made it," and not they alone: there are thirty-five Negro millionaires.

No one will begrudge these men and women their success. Everyone knows that it is harder for a Negro to succeed than a white man of equal talent. These Negroes are, on the whole, a credit not only to their race but to the nation. But what does it all prove?

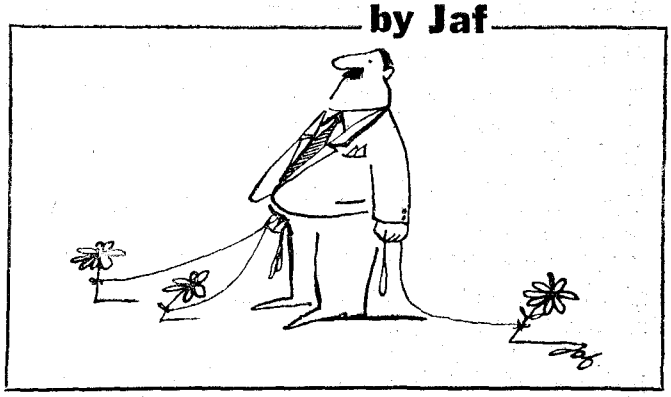
For the mass of ordinary Negroes it proves nothing, unless they are willing to continue to do dirty work for low wages and get their satisfaction out of identification with beautiful girls, athletes and wealthy people whose skins happen to be dark. Almost every Negro knows from his own experience that, relative to whites, Negroes are losing ground. Some sociologists have suggested that Negroes are coming to constitute a subclass—the real basement in American life. *Time's* portrait gallery of a Negro elite has hardly more meaning than the fact that, before the Civil War, the Confederacy boasted a few manumitted slaves who were themselves slave owners.

What is needed, for Negroes as for whites, is a basic readjustment of the country's power structure. Many Negroes do not realize it yet, but this is the first step toward emancipation. It can't be taken with a gallery of handsome pictures.

Staged Hearings

Senator Henry Jackson, Chairman of the Special Civil Defense Subcommittee of the Senate Armed Services Committee, has reverted to the practice of stage-managing civil-defense hearings. During the recently held hearings on the civil defense authorization bill, H.R. 8200, Senator Jackson, a strong advocate of civil defense, made it known that no nongovernmental experts would be allowed to testify. After hearing the usual Department of Defense advocates and the pro-civil-defense veterans organizations, Jackson allowed representatives from religious organizations to testify against the bill. At this point, Senator Young, a member of the committee, requested that several well-known scholars be allowed to express their views. Sensing the chairman's opposition, Senator Young presented to Jackson a short list of experts who would be willing to testify, among them Dr. James A. Van Allen, Dr. Donald Mitchael of the Institute for Policy Studies, Dr. John Ullman of Hofstra University, Dr. Larry Solomon of the American Psychological Association and Dr. William Schreiber of MIT. The entire list was summarily rejected by Jackson, but Senator Saltonstall intervened vigorously on behalf of his constitutent, Dr. Schreiber, who was finally permitted to testify.

Ever since the Holifield hearings of 1961, independent experts, critical of civil defense, have had an uphill fight to get their views before Congress. It is time that body ended the practice of using hearings, not to ascertain the truth, but to advocate a program.



The Incubus

The impression seems to be gaining ground that the principal menace to American security and to world peace is not the Communist bloc, but the Central Intelligence Agency. The public thinks that the CIA was founded to fight communism. This is only one of many mistaken ideas which necessarily cluster about an agency which is to a large extent a law unto itself. Harry S. Truman recently revealed the much narrower role he had in mind for the agency when he set it up. The President, Mr. Truman points out, needs accurate and up-to-the-minute information on what is going on in the world, without departmental "treatment" or interpretation. Perhaps, at the beginning, this was actually all the CIA tried to do, but its directors soon began to add operational and policy-making functions. These achieved a rapid and malignant growth, with the result that the organization has already burst out of its huge new headquarters at McLean, Va., alarming even its present director, John A. McCone.

According to a *Congressional Quarterly* report, Mr. McCone found the agency "overloaded" with operational employees of ten to fifteen years' service, whose prospects for promotion were dim and whose "cost-effectiveness" was even dimmer. Their intelligence-gathering, cloak-and-dagger, government-overthrowing activities could not justify their salaries of $12,000 and up. In 1962, he fired about 125 such superannuated operatives, the great majority of whom were over forty. Few had enough federal service to qualify for pensions, so the usual practice has been to bid them Godspeed with a year's pay. The agency would now like to fire on a larger scale: it explains that the men are subject to great stress and strain, to sickness and to "motivational exhaustion." The remedy is "encouraged and induced attrition."

But how is this to be accomplished humanely and without exhausting the motivation of those who remain? The proposed method is to give CIA employees status like that of Foreign Service employees, who may be retired at age fifty after twenty years of service, with an immediate annuity amounting to 40 per cent of salary. This proposal is being resisted in Congress, where the CIA is terra incognita. Senator Pell has complained that "the not too invisible hand of the CIA can be seen . . . in the domestic affairs of a variety of nations, and the results of these involvements are not

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always in our national interest or the interest of the citizens of the countries involved." Rep. H. Allen Smith remarked, "I know so little about the CIA and their activities, that I do not wish to pass further legislation which will further increase my lack of knowledge." Mr. Smith avowed that he did not know how many employees the agency had, how many would be affected by the proposed attrition-retirement plan, or how much was already being spent. Earlier, Rep. John V. Lindsay had characterized Congressional surveillance as "almost certainly both cursory and sporadic."

The CIA has always resented and repudiated any inquiry into its affairs. It has been successful. It has hounded reporters who have dared to print anything it fancied was secret, the latest instance being that of Richard Starnes of the Scripps-Howard papers, who disclosed — what every reporter knew — that John Richardson was the "chief spook" in Saigon. Now, having built a considerable audience of mystified and hostile journalists and legislators, the CIA is casting about for friends. We may hope it does not find them.

The Two Faces of TV

On the morning of December 31, Richard Condon appeared on N.B.C.'s widely viewed network TV show, "Today," to discuss his December 28 *Nation* article, "'Manchurian Candidate' in Dallas." As perceptive and agile on the air as in print, Mr. Condon pressed his general thesis that the "over-communications" industries overdo violence and bloodshed. TV is most guilty in this respect, since it portrays violence with the greatest impact — the viewer, especially the immature viewer, is *there*. In an effort to counter Mr. Condon's indictment, his interlocutors, Hugh Downs and Jack Lescoulie, fell back on the time-honored, two-prong rejoinder: (1) "A good girl was never ruined by a book"; and (2) "What about Shakespeare?"

As to the first, girls are not being ruined nowadays by books or even by men, but the argument, if one takes it seriously, is specious. Books, TV and the other communications media are not the only factors that affect behavior, but to deny them any influence is to deny one of the basic tenets of advertising — the efficacy of multiple exposure. It is advertising scripture that the oftener they hear it, the more likely they are to believe it. If the "good" girl were given nothing but licentious books, she might well have more trouble staying "good" than if her reading mirrored life.

When the salesman of TV time calls on a prospective sponsor, his chief talking point is that there is no impact like that of TV. He is quite right — indeed, for some products TV is a magical medium. If it is so effective in selling detergents, can it be so ineffective in selling violence? It will not make a level-headed, mature person go out and commit a crime, but what about the young and immature and unstable, who are TV's most avid consumers?

The appeal to Shakespeare is, if anything, more specious. If TV will confine its violence to his plays, or give them a prominent place in its repertory, the medium's critics will be disarmed. Does TV really mean to compare the passion, poetry and catharsis of Shakespeare to "Have Gun, Will Travel"?

There is violence in life and no one proposes that it be wholly barred from TV. TV is condemned for taking the easy way, for assuming that authentic drama would be less profitable. TV can put on good programs, and it should be ashamed of its role in debauching American culture. If they were free to speak, a good many of the "creative" people in the industry would say as much.

Ottawa Report

Pearson Loses Round One . . . .

Rolf E. Spencer

Ottawa

Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson of Canada must have the bitter taste of ashes in his mouth. When elected last April, his Liberal minority government spoke hopefully of the far-reaching measures it had in mind to promote the recovery of Canada's sagging economy. Today that government is quietly pushing into the background the major part of its legislative program, and the earlier promise of "Sixty Days of Decision" hangs like a millstone around its neck.

It isn't just that rash election promises backfired on the Liberal slogan makers when Finance Minister Walter Gordon's monumental budget blunders undermined confidence in the country's management of its affairs. By now, with the new parliamentary session well under way and a crucial federal-provincial conference recently concluded, it also becomes increasingly obvious that the continued indecision and defensiveness of the government are, at least to some extent, the result of strains on confederation which go far beyond anything that could have been predicted only a few months ago. Beneath the strident voices of nationalism and the occasional fury of diplomatic exchanges between Ottawa and Washington, centrifugal forces are dramatically in the ascendant over the forces of unity. The central administration—in the long run the only hope of keeping the country tied together in one piece — is forever fighting rear-guard actions against young and aggressive provincial Premiers who, despite Pearson's recent impassioned plea, seem determined that the whole shall not be greater than its parts.

Some of the present difficulties are inherent in Canada's basically unsound situation (from the politi-

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cal and economic as well as the broader geographic and demographic points of view), which would have to be faced by any government. However, there is also much that can be laid specifically at the door of the present regime. It is now clear that the Pearson government has never regained its sense of leadership after the battering it received in parliament during the early summer—a battering from which it emerged looking more like a crowd of bungling amateurs than the team of seasoned experts the country originally thought it had voted into power.

The collapse was brought on by Finance Minister Walter Gordon's inept and ill-advised budget presentation. What happened was inevitable; the budget fell apart, not because the opposition tore it asunder, but because it could not stand up under even elementary scrutiny. Some of the provisions were hooted out of court in a matter of days; others had to be amended in a series of humiliating government retreats that extended over five months of bitter argument which must have seriously tarnished Canada's image abroad. It was not until November, 1963, that the budget—what was left of it—was finally approved by the House of Commons and Senate. The events of last summer and fall bear retelling, not only because the clownish budget is responsible for much of the uncertainty that remains in the Canadian economic climate, but also because it is typical of some of the strange incoherence, immaturity and contradiction in the Canadian outlook today.

It should be remembered that the preceding Diefenbaker (Conservative) administration had talked a great deal about "Canadianizing industry," without doing anything very militant about it. By contrast, the new government promptly elevated to a legislative principle the use of punitive tax measures as a weapon against foreign — largely United States—capital. Also, as is now often conveniently forgotten here, in the first flush of patriotic fervor this "Financial Declaration of Independence" was hailed enthusiastically by almost all shades of Canadian press and opinion.

A few days later, and upon further reflection, the new proposals were found to be so wildly impracticable that they rocked the country's stock exchanges. The buoyant and self-congratulatory scene underwent dramatic transformation. While Liberal policy objectives were still lauded, there now developed widespread criticism of the means used to achieve them. Occasionally, too, the pendulum swung the other way and sober voices pointed out that a positive policy of getting the notoriously reluctant Canadian investors to take up the slack in their own economy was the answer to the problem, not this restrictive approach to "foreign" investment. To some of the country's soundest economists it seemed self-evident that Canada needs—and imports—foreign capital for the simple reason that it does not generate sufficient capital itself. Without economic "blood transfusions" from the United States, they argue, the country could not have taken in so short a time the leap from a producer of largely agricultural and primary products to a heavily industrialized urban society, achieving in the process the world's second highest living standard. And, with today's outward-looking tendencies in international trade and finance, Canadian emotion-based attempts at self-containment are termed more out of place than ever.

What Walter Gordon did in his unlucky budget was to break new and, as he found to his cost, treacherous ground. No longer satisfied with paying lip service to Canada's abiding nationalism, he put forward as national policy the government's resolve to regain control of the economy by means other than exhortation. Thus he slapped powerful restraints on Canadians aiming to sell their business "under the counter" to foreign interests. This 30 per cent "take-over tax" swiftly produced effects that left the government reeling under the concentrated criticism of parliament, the press and the investment circles of Toronto and Montreal. The country's stock exchanges took an unprecedented nosedive as Canadian investors panicked, flow of United States capital into Canada slowed and New York brokers—who normally do a heavy wire business with Canadian exchanges—virtually suspended trading in Canadian stocks. Finally, under further withering charges of ineptitude and fumbling, Walter Gordon had to yield, the one-time idol of Canadian business and high finance announcing the "temporary" withdrawal of the take-over tax. (Even in doing so, he left himself open to further criticism: Contrary to parliamentary practice, the announcement was made before the stock exchanges closed on that day, thus causing a swift and highly lucrative rush for shares by professional traders, to the detriment of the private investor. It also came out that three "experts" from prominent Toronto brokerage houses, whose unprecedented employment in the preparation of the budget had already earned the government ridicule and embarrassment, were likewise notified in advance.)

Of other self-defeating and hastily prepared provisions which had to be withdrawn in their original form, it will be enough here to mention the development-curbing 11 per cent domestic tax which was to be imposed on building materials and construction equipment by a government pledged to stimulate and expand the economy.

Even now, this oddly dilettantish budget is not out of the woods. In one of its remaining provisions, Mr. Gordon seeks to force "foreign" parent companies to make 25 per cent of the shares in their subsidiaries available to Canadian investors—or face a doubling of the "withholding tax" levied on dividends sent out of the country. This legislation has been called punitive and discriminatory, and was so bitterly criticized inside and outside the House of Commons that even members of the Liberal majority in the Senate tried to dissociate themselves from it. The attack is based on the general ground that the provision penalizes "foreigners" who had been invited to invest in Canada and who had responded in good faith. It is now also pointed out that these controversial changes may produce results exactly contrary to what is desired by the author of the budget: Instead of remitting to the United States dividends that incur the higher rate of tax, wholly owned foreign subsidiaries may decide to use their profits to buy up Canadian-owned companies. It has been estimated that to comply with the 25 per cent ownership ratio, Canadians would have to subscribe between $2 billion

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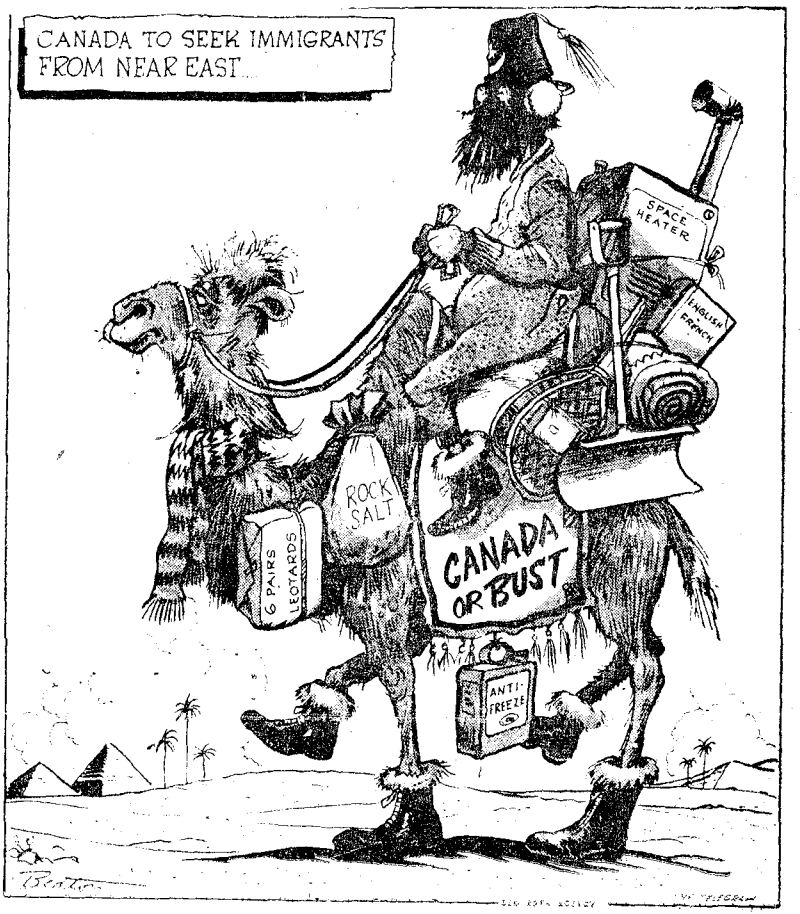
and $3 billion by the January, 1967, deadline—a stock distribution of such magnitude as could hardly be achieved by the most heroic determination to back up patriotism with hard cash.

Above all, there is an even more formidable obstacle lying in the path of this half-baked legislation: Canada has a number of reciprocal treaties with other countries, fixing the rates of withholding tax. Its treaty with the United States is automatically abrogated in the present circumstances and will have to be renegotiated (perhaps with little help from the long-suffering partner) before the scheme can come into operation. Furthermore, all these fiscal measures against United States capital show the inherent contradiction and unreason in the Canadian position. When the Kennedy administration sought through the proposed Interest Equalization Tax to redress its own adverse balance of payments by restricting American investment abroad, Mr. Gordon and his top advisers saw nothing inconsistent in flying to Washington to lodge a complaint. Other trade matters bedevil relations between Ottawa and Washington, despite Mr. Pearson's much advertised but grossly overrated "bridge-building exercise" at Hyannis early in 1963. For instance, some aspects of the Pearson government's "windfall" wheat deals with Moscow and Peking have caused raised eyebrows in Washington. Then the new "export incentive program" for the Canadian auto industry, recently passed by order-in-council, must ultimately result in a reduction of the traditionally large flow of United States-made automotive parts into Canada. Characteristically, the latter formula seems to be—as U.S. Commerce Secretary Hodges feared it would—"clever enough" to bend rather than break GATT rules by treading a very thin line between subsidies and export incentives.

When parliament reassembled last fall, and during the subsequent Federal-Provincial Conference, it was painfully clear that the budget debacle had broken the spirit—if not the back—of the Liberal government. Mr. Pearson and his colleagues (a mistaken sense of loyalty is apparently keeping Walter Gordon in the cabinet) seem mesmerized by the negative objective of staying out of further trouble—at the very time when the large and important issues that confront Canada demand a display of initiative, vitality and courage. As the Days of Indecision wear on, only two economic measures have become law: the Canadian Economic Council (not yet appointed) and the ill-prepared Municipal Development and Loan Fund project (urgently needed to relieve winter unemployment), which just scraped through after significant modifications had been forced by Quebec. The Canada-wide Pension Plan (Social Security) is a major and much-needed piece of legislation, and it was greeted initially with great fanfare. However, it has had to be shelved in the face of strenuous objections from both Ontario and Quebec (those provinces claiming that the scheme conflicts with their own plans), as well as in apparent deference to private insurance companies.

In the tortured field of relations with the provinces, the central government has been leaning backward to accommodate individual Premiers—without, however, gaining much friendship by its forbearance. This became obvious at the end of 1963, when federal cabinet ministers and leaders from the country's ten provinces assembled in Ottawa to wrestle with what powerful voices in Quebec had heralded as "Confederation's Last Chance." (The "ultimatum" by Quebec's Premier Lesage demanding a conspicuously larger share of federal fiscal revenues for Quebec "or else . . ." is nearing the one-year time limit he set for it. His principal lieutenant, fiery Resources Minister René Levesque, has proclaimed: "There must be a new Canada within five years or Quebec will quit confederation. Quebec is capable of living alone and separatism must not be rejected outright.") Even before this Federal-Provincial (Fiscal) Conference opened, various provincial leaders across the country made statements of a sort more often heard at international conferences than within a nation. Duff Roblin, Premier of Manitoba, best summed up the agenda—and perhaps the entire Canadian problem—by referring to "the crisis of priorities."

Foreshadowing cleavages even among the provinces, Premier W.



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A. C. Bennett of British Columbia said firmly that his province would not support special consideration for the French language and culture in Canada, that he would insist on the principle of fair treatment for all provinces and special privileges for none. Premier Lesage, for his part, came to the conference armed with an elaborate 48-page brief, parts of which he himself described as "revolutionary." And federal Finance Minister Walter Gordon did his bit to raise hackles by informing the meeting at the outset that Ottawa's federal deficit would run close to $700 million in the current fiscal year, adding, "that means there is not too much loose cash lying around."

The meeting ranged over fiscal redistribution as well as over the entire complex of federal-provincial relations, but despite its advance billing as the first major review of confederation in eighteen years, few concrete decisions emerged. In general terms, the central government will be paying out another $87 million to the provinces in the next fiscal year. As was to be expected, Premier Lesage called the pace, and of this overall amount Quebec received $43 million. However, if the new fiscal arrangement was heavily weighted in Quebec's favor, it failed to come close to what that turbulent province had described as its "immediate demands."

The major consequences of the conference are probably not yet apparent—as Lesage significantly insisted in his closing statement, the meeting is only "adjourned." It seems that Prime Minister Pearson has agreed to a whole series of further federal-provincial conferences to be held at regular intervals (the first, a meeting of trade ministers, is scheduled for early 1964) and at all levels of the respective governments. This leaves the door wide open—not only to further tax-sharing demands, but also to far-reaching changes in the relationships between the central administration and the provincial governments. There has been much recent discussion of a phrase coined by Mr. Pearson which finds special favor in Quebec. It has been pointed out by others, however, that his "Co-operative Federalism" — a term which has no basis in the Canadian constitution and has never been precisely defined—has recently evolved into an instrument for provincial invasion even of jurisdictions that are constitutionally federal. Voices are beginning to warn that the identity and minimal power of the federal authority should not be submerged, and that at some point provincial ambitions will have to be subordinated to the needs of Canada. Furthermore, it is recalled that Quebec's "opting-out" of Mr. Pearson's major federal schemes (a formula which Ottawa has already accepted) could be used as an escape route from the Canadian confederation. In the light of these dangers, little comfort can be derived from the prospect of continued bargaining between Ottawa and its obstreperous partners. Frustrations born of protracted internal strife and conflict can lead only to further negative postures of anti-Americanism (disguised as "pro-Canadianism"), accompanied by further erosion of the steadying British connection. Americans, therefore, can less than ever afford to overlook this unhappy situation at their doorstep.

Vatican II

Vision of a Modern Church

Elisabeth Mann Borgese

Rome

A few months before the opening of the first session of the twenty-first Ecumenical Council (Vatican II), Pope John received in private audience a prelate from the archdiocese of Milan. Having discussed with him matters of various importance, the Pope interrupted himself — so Carlo Falconi reports in *Il Espresso* of June 16, 1963 — and asked, almost abruptly: "Well, what's the news about your Hamlet Cardinal?" The Hamlet Cardinal was Gianbattista Cardinal Montini of Milan, and the Pope's good-natured irony reflected a rather general feeling about him.

True, Montini had opposed the involutionary policies of Pius XII during the years following the war—and his defiance had been punished. Montini had been "exiled" from the curia whose hierarchical steps he had been climbing with brilliant rapidity. But whether it was the shock of demotion and exile, whether it was his own maturing character, so similar, in many respects to that of Pius XII; or whether it was a far, ambitious, vengeful look into the future: the fact is that after his arrival in Milan, Montini seemed reluctant to "commit" himself. Not even the death of Pius XII, nor his own elevation to the rank of cardinal; not even the first session of Vatican II, induced him to break his reticence. "A reality documented by the whole life of Montini," says Falconi, "is this seesaw of pros and cons, of affirmations immediately denied, of negations as promptly transformed into affirmations, of consent granted and at once withdrawn, of restrictive clauses added to any explicit declaration, of ambiguity adopted as a system; of reticence chosen as the most valid defense; of indecision masked as prudence, etc."

Thus, Paul VI is not John XXIII. Montini's cultural background is certainly vaster than was Roncalli's. (When Montini moved to Milan, he was preceded by eleven bookcases, which caused some consternation. One of his visitors told me that Montini had entertained him with a discussion of Kafka.) Even his theological preparation is probably superior to and more "progressive" than that of his predecessor. But Paul lacks John's heart, John's love for all of mankind, John's optimism. While John thought that the world was, after all, a beautiful place to live in, or that, at any rate, it was our duty to make it so, Paul emphasizes its evils and woes. When John said: "Peace," Paul says: "Peace, but."

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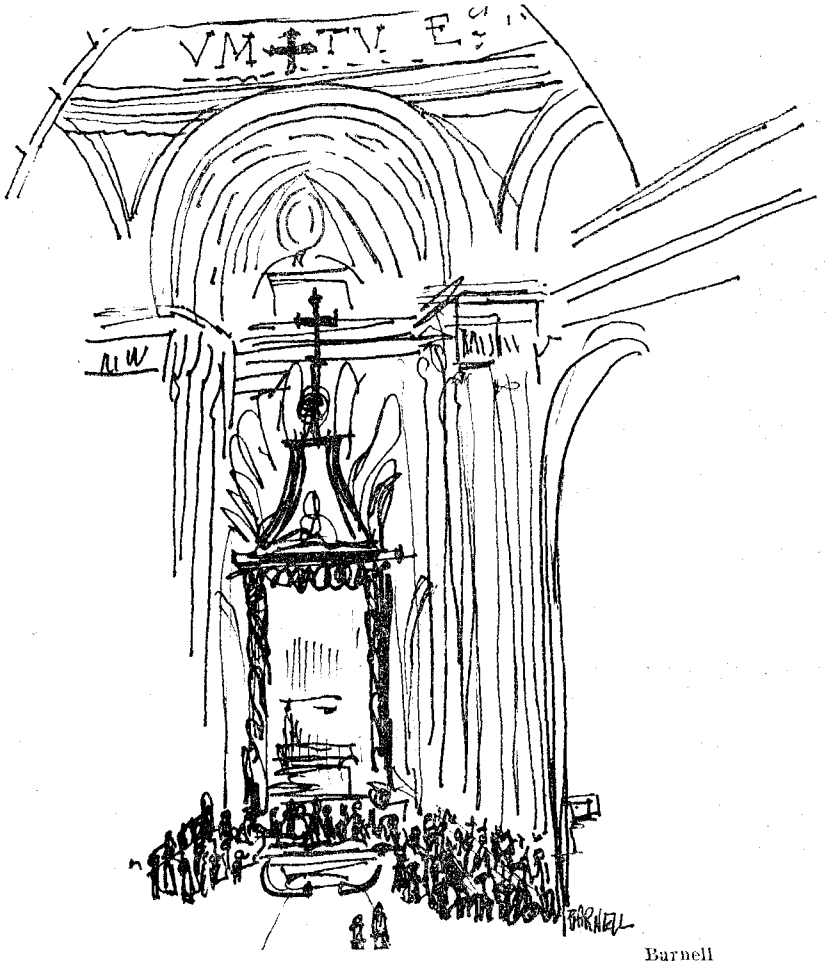
Whereas John said: "Obviously there can be no accord between the Christian religion and materialist atheism, but there can and must be practical cooperation between Catholics and the Communist regimes on the social and political level," Paul, time and again, has stopped short after the first half of the statement. He characterizes communism as a "contagious and lethal malady."

Paul's first great public manifestations after his elevation to the Holy See seemed to corroborate the seesaw pattern. In his address to the curia of September 21, he took up Cardinal Ciriaci's suggestion of a council of bishops to share in the government of the Church. But in the next speech he emphasized in strong words the primacy and infallibility of the Pope: an emphasis that was all the more politically significant because it was dogmatically gratuitous. He promised sweeping reforms in the curia, but defended it against all criticism or outside attack.

If Paul was not John, Paul's Council would not be what John's Council had been. This, in fact, was the apprehension shared by progressive laymen and churchmen. It was the preoccupation of the European bishops who met at Fulda during the early days of September, in a reunion that was considered by some as a kind of "anti-Council." The European "progressives" came from Fulda to Rome in a most combative, anti-curia spirit, demanding decentralization, local autonomy and separation of state and Church.

When it appeared undeniable that the revolutionary pace of the Council had slowed down; when it seemed that every really important issue—the collegiality of the bishops, the declaration of liberty of conscience or the declaration against anti-Semitism—was somehow whisked off the agenda; when, finally, the Council closed without any spectacular results, many progressives were murmuring: you see, we told you so. So great was the disappointment in some quarters that the Pope's intention — or the curia's, to whose evil influence the Pope had supposedly succumbed — to call the Council's third session was seriously doubted. Other Councils, it was argued, had been interrupted. Some *force majeure*, or



Barnell

simply the disconcertingly high cost of convening year after year three thousand Fathers from all over the world, could be invoked as an excuse to put off the gathering sine die. I heard two Council Fathers take leave of each other. "Goodbye now, I'll see you at the next session," one of them said. "Maybe in twenty-five years," he added.

Retrospectively, this skepticism seems somewhat exaggerated. To gain a more objective perspective one should ask: What would this second session of the Council have been like if Pope John had still been alive? The answer is that it probably would not have been very different. The main obstacle to quick progress, at any rate, was not created by Paul. It was a bequest from his predecessor, in the form of the conservative commission chairman whom John himself had appointed. The fact is that the first phase of the Council, the phase of inspiration and announcement of purpose, had to be followed by a second phase of elaboration and realization, necessarily slowed down and more tortuous. Looking back, there may even be some historical justice or rightness in the fact that John was not spared to preside over this second phase. Moses' function is of one kind, Joshua's of another. If Moses had had to become Joshua, he would probably have died of a broken heart.

There were three main aspects of John's great design, and they were interdependent, constituting together the vision of a modern Church in a modern world.

The first was the inner renovation of the Church itself. The second was the unity of all Christian churches. The third was the dialogue among all faiths and all peoples, a dialogue which was to be the foundation of peace.

In Paul's more concrete language, the first and foremost task is the search for a new *definition* that the Church must find for itself, in which it may recognize itself and be recognized by others. The second step is structural reform of the Church; the third, the strengthening of the ties with the separated "venerable Christian communities,"

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and the fourth, the clarification of relations between the Church and the modern world (Father Ernesto Balducci, *Il Regno*, September, 1963).

To measure the factual and concrete progress toward these aims we must consider both the action taken by the Council and the action of the Pope, which have already begun to implement, and integrate with, each other.

With regard to the redefinition of the Church, Father Balducci points out:

> *Paul's program of reform signifies a return to the great theme that was cut short in 1870, with the premature interruption of Vatican I. What Pope John had merely indicated in most discreet terms, Paul VI has expressed in clear and concrete words. His aim is, on the one hand, to complete the theology of the primacy and infallibility of the Pope with a theology of the episcopate, apt to give a doctrinal basis to the direct participation of the bishops in the government of the Church as a whole; on the other hand, to give up the juridical and systematic language in which the mystery of the Church has been habitually clad and to rediscover its essential reality, expressed in the language of the Revelation.*

The first of these ideals is given form and body in the schema *De Ecclesia* — the opening item on the agenda for this session; and even if the Council failed to take final action on this schema, the progress made during this session, the issues raised, the votes taken are of such enormous scope and importance that it becomes difficult to maintain an attitude of skepticism or pessimism regarding the Council. For *De Ecclesia* will become law—if not this year, then the next — and with it, the collegiality of the bishops. The "straw vote" of October 30 showed that more than 80 per cent of the Council Fathers favor the proposal. There can be no doubt that a representative Council of Bishops, the members of which will be elected by regional conferences of bishops, will be established to participate in the government of the Church. If "government" is to be understood as "policy-making" or "deliberating," the new body need not encroach upon the activities of the curia and thus diminish the latter's importance. Reversing a millennial trend toward the concentration of absolute and indivisible powers in the hands of the Papacy, the Church would, at long last, accept the modern concept of division of powers: the Council of Bishops filling the place—if only by analogy — of a legislative assembly, and the curia, internationalized, streamlined, "redimensioned," assuming the function of a cabinet, "the instrument of which the Pope avails himself to exercise his divine mandate," as Paul said in his address of September 21.

If in temporal government the division of powers has often resulted in a conflict of powers, the Church's concept of the *complementarity* of Council and Pope is infinitely more modern. It would translate into political reality the most recent sociological field theories, according to which the One and the Many, far from being antagonistic, are but changing aspects of the same essence.

If temporal international organization is still handicapped by the problems of nation states, and no fair system of representation can be devised because of the discrepant sizes of nations, the Church's solution of basing representation in the world council on regional conferences may turn out to be path-breaking.

Add to this the increasing emphasis on the importance of the layman (in the third chapter of *De Ecclesia*), and the process that is in course becomes ever more striking: if the structure of the Church has been compared to a pyramid, a shift is taking place, from the vertex to the base, from dominion over the congregation to the brotherhood of man.

Paul's second great aim, the abandonment of the juridical and systematic language in which the mystery of the Church has been habitually clad, is embodied at least partly in the schema on liturgy, promulgated at the close of this session. The dropping of Latin for vernacular language, the increased emphasis on the Bible and on preaching, are all moves in the direction of inviting the layman to a more understanding, more active participation in the holy function of the Church.

The reunion of the Christian churches has been concretely advanced by at least three steps: First, the redefinition of the role of the bishops, which will facilitate an approach to the Anglican and Orthodox Churches. Dignitaries of both these groups have already expressed their satisfaction with the suggestions. A spokesman for the Anglican Church, Bishop John Moorman of Ripon, has gone so far as to say that the concept of the collegiality of the bishops could provide the basis for reunion with the Roman Church (New York *Herald Tribune*, October 22, 1963).

The second step was the absorption of the Mariological schema into the schema *De Ecclesia* by a majority vote. This was a victory, even if by a narrow margin, of the "minimalists" over the "maximalists" — "minimalists" being those theologians who urge that the figure of the Virgin be reduced to the dimensions she had in the Gospels. It is obvious that the realization of this decision would ease the path to a Protestant-Catholic reunion. At the same time, one should not underestimate its difficulties. The cult of the Mother of God fills a very real need among large layers of poor populations where the more rational, more individualistic Protestant religions could never penetrate. Logically enough, the strongest opposition to the "minimalist" victory came exactly from those regions where Christianity is experienced most noticeably as a "totalitarian," "mass" religion: in Spain and in the East. The Spanish bishops in Rome protested that it would be a "scandalous insult" to "tag the subject of Mary like a caboose on the schema" (*Herald Tribune*, October 30, 1963).

The third step in the direction of Christian unity is the Pope's pilgrimage to the Holy Land: a physical, mystical, greatly symbolical return to the "fountainhead where the Cross of Christ, which is the same for all those evoking the teachings and example of the Redeemer, was raised to shed its light all over the earth" (*Osservatore Romano*, December 11).

But more than a "spiritual encounter with Orthodoxy," a step toward Christian unity, this pilgrimage is bound to improve relations with non-Christian churches, especially with Judaism and Mohammedanism. For the first time in history, there will be direct contact be-

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tween the Pope and large masses of non-Christians. A new style of papacy is being created, a new frontier is being opened. After the Mohammedans and Jews, the Hindus will be approached. For it seems almost certain that the Pope will visit India in November of 1964 on the occasion of the Eucharistic Congress that will take place in Bombay.

Thus it seems difficult *not* to see that a number of practical, concrete steps have been taken toward realizing the great design. Even if some of these steps appear in themselves disappointingly small — as, for instance, the "grant of powers" to the bishops, promulgated by the Pope in his *motu proprio* of December 3—they do take on meaning in the wider context. And no wrong step has been taken. (The schema on mass media of communication, promulgated at the closing of the session, cannot be considered much of a step in any direction.)

Where there has been no specific progress, as in the relations between the Church and the modern world, there has at least been no setback. In spite of some local pressure and agitation (at this moment of crisis of the Italian Government and the "opening to the Left," the Italian hierarchy is particularly touchy with regard to communism), the relations with the Communist regimes have not deteriorated. Schema 17, on the relations between the Catholic Church and the modern world, may take another two years to complete, but preliminary discussions, private or at the level of national bishops' conferences, have been promising, even exciting. Progressive circles were all astir after a closed session of the French episcopate, where the speaker, Father Voillaume of the Company of Little Brothers, is said to have discussed the problem of the Church and modern war. A widely traveled man, with an intimate knowledge of the Buddhist world, Father Voillaume explained that the Church's vacillating attitude toward war in general, and modern war of annihilation in particular, was absolutely incomprehensible to many non-Christian faiths, and that an explicit statement against the use of atomic weapons in particular and against war in general was essential. The speech was received with stormy applause. Considering the temper of the overwhelming majority of the Council Fathers, it is most likely that a declaration of this sort will be incorporated in Schema 17.

During an audience granted to some Eastern bishops shortly before the closing of this session, Paul VI said: "You think that things are not moving along fast enough? Be patient! True, we could make reforms immediately, but they would all come to nothing if the minds, if the personalities, have not changed. Now for that one needs time. That is the law of history" (*Le Monde*, December 7).

These words sound familiar. Many a conservative ruler has masked his inaction with similar phrases. But what is important is the reference to the law of history. For even if it works slowly, the law of history does work. And no matter how like Hamlet the Pope may be, the law of history is inexorable. A closed, static, medieval organization cannot live in an open, dynamic, modern world. History itself is forcing the transformation — which also goes far to explain the calm and the patience of the now overwhelmingly strong majority of progressive Council Fathers. "Time is on our side," they say, time and time again.

This slowness does not detract from the awesomeness of the transformation. The Catholic Church was, at its origins, the wellspring of Western civilization. To see it return to these origins, to that part of it which is essential and therefore truly catholic or universal, the wellspring, perhaps, of a universal civilization in the making, is no mean spectacle.

If during this process the Church sheds most of its historical identity or personality, it does not matter. Was it not her founder Himself who said that only he who throws away his life will find it?

Can Business Grasp the Future?

Peter L. Bernstein

Few people would argue with the proposition that achievement of certain widely desired national goals — adjustment to disarmament, maintenance of high employment, eradication of poverty and pursuit of domestic tranquillity — would be extremely difficult without a dynamic business environment. But what is not so generally recognized is that there may be fundamental conflicts here between means and ends, between the adjustments required to meet these national goals and an environment that would be compatible with prosperous and venturesome business firms.

To put the matter in terms of a cliché, if what is good for business is good for the nation, does it follow that what is good for the nation is good for business? And if not, can we achieve the national goals we seek in the absence of high business morale?

Nearly thirty years ago, John Maynard Keynes had this to say on the subject:

> *If animal spirits are dimmed and spontaneous optimism falters, leaving us to depend on nothing but a mathematical expectation, enterprise will fade and die. . . . This means that economic prosperity is excessively dependent upon a political and social atmosphere which is congenial to the average businessman.*

The essential question, then, is whether the political and social atmosphere we seek is going to be sufficiently congenial to the average businessman to assure us of the "animal spirits" and "spontaneous optimism" without which "enterprise will fade and die."

Here, roughly in order of importance, are the dilemmas that I hope we can successfully resolve in the years ahead:

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Goal 1: Peace and disarmament. But can we adjust to disarmament without substituting, at least in part, *non*defense government expenditures for defense expenditures?

Goal 2: High employment and the elimination of poverty. But to achieve this goal in the face of an unprecedented increase in the number of people seeking jobs, can the demand for goods and services in this country grow at least 20 per cent faster than in the extraordinarily prosperous decade 1947-57, and 60 per cent faster than during the past five years?

Goal 3: Eradication of racial discrimination and all conflict based on race, color or creed. But can we provide full constitutional economic rights to all our citizens unless the business community recognizes its essential role in this process?

Goal 4: Full use of the potentials inherent in an economy of abundance. But can we benefit from these blessings before they drown us in unemployment?

Goal 5: Attainment of what Galbraith calls "social balance" — the proper allocation of our output and income between public and private goods. Yet, despite the desperate need for more goods and services of a community nature, businessmen are not alone in resisting and resenting the so-called burdens that support the public sector.

If these are our goals, will businessmen accept the adjustments essential for their achievement?

The first factor that inhibits full business contribution to national goals is something over which businessmen, whether they approve of it or deplore it, have really very little control. Ever since 1929, but most evidently since 1941, the nation's decision-making power has been shifting away from the businessman and corporate manager and toward the government, the scientist and the university.

The communication links between business and these other groups are tenuous at best and are complicated by fundamentally different attitudes toward monetary rewards, privilege and property. It is no wonder that the business community feels increasingly isolated and frustrated in relation to the main stream of events. No longer

Norman James

completely the master of his own fate, far less master of the fate of others, the businessman must face a world whose main problems are neither made by business nor soluble by business.

This leads us to the second source of conflict between our national goals and a dynamic business environment — the pressure for social change. For times of rapid social change, of restlessness and impatience among the impoverished and underprivileged, are times when business confidence is disturbed and "animal spirits" are dimmed. I do not want to imply that businessmen as a class are opposed to social change, or that they oppose it more stubbornly than many other groups in our society. On the contrary, many businessmen as individuals and many business organizations are working hard to improve their communities and the welfare of their employees.

The question at issue is not the receptivity of businessmen to social change as such. Rather it is the willingness of businessmen to be dynamic in their businesses — to invest, expand and innovate — in a time of intensified social restlessness that brings with it anti-business philosophies and cries of share the wealth.

This brings us to the third and perhaps most important block in the way of full contribution from business to the achievement of these goals. That block is the government. Since government is the primary engine for effecting social change in our system, the bitter distrust of businessmen toward it, and in particular toward the size of its budget, is a symptom of our malaise.

It is part of the American tradition that the relationship between business and government should be bad: the most casual student of our history can cite numerous instances. In the most recent past, the fracas between President Kennedy and Roger Blough was a dramatic if unpleasant reminder that the tradition persists. As Professor Mason of Harvard pointed out not long ago, European businessmen can say, "Some of my best friends are civil servants," and really mean it; but almost the only civil servants an American businessman would accept as friends are other businessmen on temporary loan to the government.

There have been times when we could afford the luxury of this traditional bitterness, and other times when we could not. Surely the agony of the depression was prolonged by the malevolence that was clung to by leaders on both sides. And the years ahead, immediately and perhaps for decades, will be a poor time for feuding between business and political leaders.

We need a prosperous economy to achieve our national goals, but we will be unable to achieve those goals — including a prosperous economy — without governmental leadership and assistance. To repeat, can we really expect the demands of industry and consumers to grow 60 per cent faster in the next eight to ten years than they grew during the explosively prosperous decade of 1947-57? But if

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we are unable to achieve this extraordinary rate of growth, except perhaps for very short periods, then we must be willing to see the government's share of the gross national product expand beyond its present level of about 20 per cent. Only thus will total demand expand fast enough to make it profitable for businessmen to produce at full capacity and to employ everyone who seeks a job. And, in the light of these same calculations, is it reasonable to assume that we could adjust to a major reduction in defense spending unless it were rapidly offset by government support in other areas?

To go further: Would the barriers against the Negroes have been reduced as far as they have without the intervention of the courts and the Department of Justice? Can we solve the problems of abundance without giving more thought to the structure of income and wealth distribution in this country? Can business alone satisfy the terrifyingly impatient demands of the underdeveloped lands for higher living standards? Is it proper to think of fattening our national living standards while our educational and medical facilities are inadequate, our cities an aesthetic and social disgrace, our civil servants underpaid, our police forces undermanned, our few remaining open recreational areas overcrowded beyond belief or gobbled up by commercial enterprise?

But this raises a further disturbing possibility. If the American businessman today sees a world of social ferment, feels increasingly isolated from the centers of strategic decision-making, and fears the growing size of governmental budgets, he is likely to develop an uncertainty, timidity and defensiveness which in the end would make it impossible for us to achieve the goals we seek within the framework of our present order. Then, if the American people are determined to achieve these goals, the present order might have to yield to the goals, rather than the goals yielding to the order.

At this point we should be honest with ourselves: ours is not the only method the world has found to make progress. We may see much that is repugnant in the means that other peoples have selected for roughly similar ends, but we can no longer light-heartedly insist that these other systems are bound to fail, whereas we shall certainly succeed.

For example, will the Soviet economy have more difficulty than we in adjusting to disarmament and a liquidation of the cold war? Is their rate of economic growth any slower than ours? Racial tensions exist in the USSR, but are they any more intense or any less capable of solution than ours? Have the Russians given a lower priority than we to education, urban renewal, the pursuit of scientific truth, public recreation, medical care or the arts?

Here is the real challenge to the business community, still the keystone of what we call the "present order." The Marxists know it well. They no longer preach that capitalism must topple from its own weight, that it inexorably leads to increasing misery and thus inevitably to revolution. Today they understand that capitalism can save itself — primarily through the demand stimuli that government can create. But now we face the serious danger that the capitalists themselves will bring on their own ruin by stubbornly resisting the very policies that can be their salvation.

Our major obstacles, then, arise not so much from the maladjustments inherent in the free enterprise system, nor from the difficulty of the adjustments required to achieve our national goals. Rather, they are produced by the impact of these adjustments on the animal spirits and spontaneous optimism of business leaders, on the venturesomeness and dynamic qualities that are essential for our success.

We shall be unable to achieve our goals within our present order unless we enjoy a high and rising level of business activity; that in turn depends upon the businessman's acceptance of deep-seated changes in the modern world and modern society, not all of which may be congenial to him. The overwhelmingly important fact that he must face is that his choices are limited. For failure to achieve the goals of peace, full employment and social progress within our present framework may result in an entirely new environment about whose lack of congeniality he can have no possible doubt.

Martha's Vineyard

An Island Joins the March . . . .

Peter S. McGhee

Martha's Vineyard

When Labor Day comes, the 34,000 or so mainlanders, who make Martha's Vineyard a crowded and busy place during the summer, depart, leaving a year-round population of about 6,000 scattered among the island's five towns. And for all the paradisical qualities of the island in summer, wintering there is a hard business. Unemployment is high, wages are low, and when, as this year, the scallop yield from the bays and salt ponds is poor, making ends meet, even for the most determined and industrious, is a matter of nicest calculation. And all this, compounded with a tradition that is conservative in an old-fashioned sense, in a society that is literally isolated, tends to turn the islander's attention to private and local worries and away from the happenings off-island.

Not long ago one of the island clergymen, Rev. Henry L. Bird, undertook a journey to the mainland: across Vineyard Sound by ferry to Woods Hole, on to Boston by car and thence by bus to Williamston, North Carolina. For Mr. Bird and

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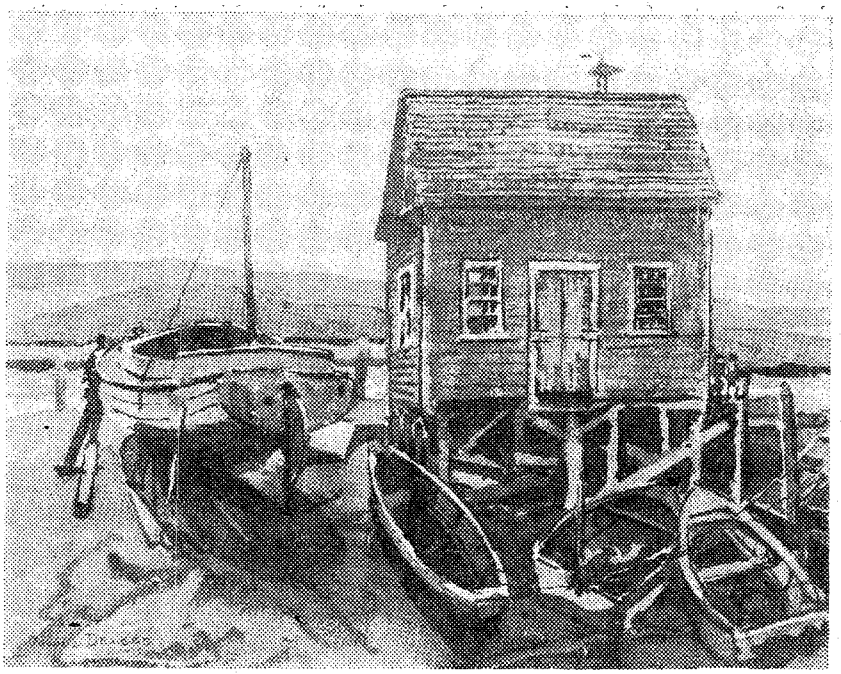

Julius Delbos

the other clergymen on that journey (members of the Massachusetts unit of Dr. Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference) the cause was civil rights, the specific effort nonviolent protest, and the immediate result unsurprising. For assembling peaceably without a permit they were jailed.

What effect had Mr. Bird's trip on the little agricultural community of Williamston, where peaceful demonstrations on behalf of equal rights have been going on for several months? Not much, probably. Williamston is not the place to look for eye-catching success or failure, not a place of police dogs, tear gas or church dynamiting. While Mr. Bird was there, and as a result of a brief hunger strike in which he took part, the jail, on the prisoners' side, was integrated. It is a measure of Williamston's removal from the main stream of segregationist enthusiasm that the bond set for a mixed bag of sixty-five demonstrators (including eleven white Northern ministers and fifty-four local Negroes, of whom twenty-two were children) was reportedly only $125. What is the action of one man worth? What difference did Mr. Bird's being there make? The answer is not to be found in Williamston.

The Episcopal Parish of Martha's Vineyard, of which Mr. Bird is rector, was divided on his going; more disapproved than approved. The *Vineyard Gazette* commented favorably: "The courage of moral and ethical conviction cannot be a force in our world unless those whose conscience and humanity are deeply stirred will act, even sometimes against convention or protocols or counsels of restraint." In the letters to the editors column of the paper only letters approving Mr. Bird's action appeared, including one signed by most of the senior class at the regional high school.

What was the reaction of all those who remained silent? For a variety of reasons — not the least being that the island clergyman, in addition to the estrangement his very calling effects, is set apart in this instance by his being an off-islander — we may suppose that some Vineyarders, thankful that their own ministers had spared them such a confrontation, disposed of the challenge to their consciences by dismissing Mr. Bird's deed as something parochial, the concern only of the Episcopal congregation. And there were perhaps more members of this predominately Republican and deeply conservative community who followed the line of reasoning of a New Bedford newspaper which, taking the lofty position that laws (against peaceful assembly?) ought to be obeyed, found it "difficult to activate the tear glands over the plight of fifteen Northern ministers who are currently languishing in the pokey at Williamston, N.C., after arrest in anti-segregation demonstrations." And undoubtedly there were a few who saw in Mr. Bird's action, as they do in the civil-rights struggle as a whole, the sinister workings of an international Communist conspiracy to overthrow the government.

With Mr. Bird in jail, and the island split between praise and blame for the action that led him to be there, another Vineyarder stepped forward. Dr. Robert Nevin, president of the medical staff of the island's only hospital and for twenty years minister to the island's sick and injured, announced his intention to go to Williamston too. Why?

"Dr. Nevin said before he left," the *Gazette* reported, "that this was to be for him a symbolic journey, undertaken as a country doctor, a Vineyarder by birth and tradition, a born and bred Republican and conservative, because he resents and rejects the fact that men, women and children are denied the rights to which as human beings and Americans they are entitled. He intended his journey to identify him completely with the protest in which Mr. Bird is taking part, and with the cause of civil rights and human rights."

Here then is part of the answer to the question of what difference Rev. Henry Bird's journey to Williamston makes. To those who saw Mr. Bird's protest as an extremist or radical action, the conservatism of Dr. Nevin is answer; to those who saw it as merely a parochial matter or as just a minister's idiosyncrasy, the plain citizenship and medical profession of Dr. Nevin is answer; and to those who saw in it disrespect for the law, Dr. Nevin by making the journey himself affirms that "It is not desirable to cultivate a respect for the law, as much as for the right. . . ."

Although by Dr. Nevin's protest, as the *Gazette* observed, "the issue is inescapably broadened from the concern of a church or congregation to the concern of all," there is no reason to hope or expect that all or even many will indeed face the issue. But Dr. Nevin's action, as Mr. Bird's before it, makes it more difficult to be indifferent. And being indifferent is the real hazard of island living, whether on Martha's Vineyard or Manhattan.

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Death of the Reader

Wright Morris

We are accustomed, both as writers and readers, to reflections on the death of the novel. As a topic, it will assure a large turn-out for a panel discussion. The panel will usually feature several almost living-dying novelists. The writer may have his problems as a novelist, but as a public entertainer he is doing pretty well. One might say—and many have—that he has never had it so good. His name, if not his book, is momentarily on the tongue. One need not be a reader, of course, to participate in this discussion. My own experience is that the less one has read, the more lively the panel. *Reading* books leads to problems no panel can solve.

The death of the reader, unhappily, is not as easily discussed as the death of the novel. Novelists, living or dead, can be identified as persons who have actually written novels. It's not so simple with the reader. How does one *prove* one has read a book? Any author will testify that this can be quite a trick.

A rule of thumb, favored by some critics, is that if one has read a book, one has been changed by it. But how prove that? The purchase of a book can be verified by sales, its circulation by library records, but the *reading* of a book is still a matter of speculation. It is authors and reviews we discuss over cocktails, not books.

The illness I would like to consider is that of the reader. The novel has always been in crisis. It is why it continues to be of interest. But the dilemma of the novel seems to me small compared to the crisis of the reader: is *he* dead or dying? That person who buys or borrows, who handles and talks a good book, but no longer *reads* it, is suffering from something more disturbing, and ultimately more fatal, than the chronic but occupational maladies of the writer. The novelist knows that he suffers; the nonreading reader does not.

If the modern novel is threatened with a crisis that will not result in better novels, it may lie with the reader who has lost the will, and the power, to read. Who respects, but rejects, the novelist's authority. Who fears—and rightly—that the good book seeks to make him fully conscious, the great book to expand such consciousness as he has. Obviously, none of this jibes with the reader's need to remain unconscious, with his knowledge that the last information he wants is of his own plight.

Neither Lawrence nor Pasternak would be deluded by the sight of their books on the bestseller list. Bestsellers they might be; best read they know they are not. At this moment of triumph that finds the works of a writer spread around the world, at the price of a sandwich, the sandwich will prove for many readers the better buy. The book cannot be eaten; Lady Chatterley cannot be loved. Until a dialogue exists between the writer and the reader, on terms established by the writer, a book is powerless to speak, or persuade, or do more than level a tipping table. This commonplace fact has been made so common that only the illiterate man is still potent, still aware that words have the power of life and death. To the man with this knowledge, even though he cannot read, the book communicates more that is life-giving than it does to the reader who can read but for whom such knowledge is lost.

But what about the critic, the reviewer and the student of literature? Surely *they* can read? The question hangs in the air. If asked, the novelist's point of view will not often be reassuring. It will seem to him that the critic's function is less to explain than to dispense with the book. After such knowledge, the book itself is an afterthought. He receives this directive from the reader who at first feels powerless to choose, then soon finds little necessity for making a choice. All of this may or may not be done with malice, but it is always done with the understanding that the criticism, if not the book, will be read.

Witty reviews of books the reader has been spared reading often make good conversation pieces after the book has been forgotten. They may become assigned reading for the student learning to write. To the novelist, the hazards of professional reviewing seem not unlike those of driving on the freeway: a gradual loss of alertness, of interest, even of consciousness. The reviewer is obliged to function increasingly as an overworked wine-taster, tipsy at his task, who sips up a mouthful, then spits it out.

But there are still students, now counted in the millions. We know that these students *buy* many books, and countless theses testify that some books have been studied. But is that *reading*? Teachers and writers have already observed that to study a book is not to read it. Indeed, some types of study make the book impenetrable. A different level of consciousness seems to be engaged in the student who is studying *The Sound and the Fury* and the reader who has settled down with the book. Distraction would seem to be less of an abuse than a search for information. The student's eye is too often on the stamen and the pistil, not on the flower.

A student of modern fiction recently asked me—off the cuff and man to man—if I didn't think the trapped fly in one of my books was a symbolic cliché. The Midwest setting of this story was full of trapped flies, and so was the book. They were flies when they came to my mind, and they were still flies when I put them on the page. That they were also symbols was not my proper business. When the writing is good, everything is symbolic, but no symbolic writing is good.

This trained reader would not accept the fly for what it was, both to me *and* the book: an actual trapped fly. His inside knowledge of what constitutes literature holds him at arm's length outside of the book. He wants to talk about trapped flies as symbols, not the flies that buzz in the mind like magnetos, crawl about on greasy and napping faces, swim in the warm lemonade, strew the floor like popcorn, and always turn up trapped between the window and the screen. Before it is trapped into a plastic symbol, this fly is first, last and always an outraged, mindless, maddening and un-

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Wright Morris is the author, among other novels, of The Field of Vision, Love Among the Cannibals, The Territory Ahead *(all Harcourt, Brace & World) and* Ceremony in Lonetree *(Atheneum).*

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forgettable actual fly. From intimate experience with such flies many books will still emerge.

There is little to add to the familiar caricature of the reading public. It is the face of a club. A far-out club, a near-in club, a nonfiction club, or a club of squares. Books are screened, and when properly decoded, recommended for the diet of the club in question. *Another Country* goes to one, *Caravans* to another. All bran, 60 per cent bran, or a predigested blend of bran and oats.

This image bears the same resemblance to the individual reader that the panel entertainer bears to the writer. At the panel discussion, parody meets caricature. This public will willingly pay to see the good writer, but not to read him. One cannot buy the reading, only the book. The book as a gift, however, gratifies the impulse of the nonreader to buy it, but spares him the time-consuming problem of reading it himself.

But isn't this the novelist's, not the reader's, business? Not for long. In the long run the novelist and the reader must do business together. If one partner fails, the other soon hears the waves dashing on the rocks. On his own the novelist can do just so much, and that is the history of the American novel—what the writer can do, and has done, on his own. In an occasional book, this will prove to be more than what a writer can do with everybody listening—but the important word is *occasional*. In the long run it finds him talking too much to himself.

Moby Dick, Huckleberry Finn, The Red Badge of Courage, Winesburg, Ohio, Tender Is the Night, are those rare and occasional moments when a virtue is made of the writer's isolation. Such books both provoke hyperbole and defy analysis. Natural wonders, to which we append descriptive guides. In such a writer the *body* of work is usually lacking, or if it exists is judged to be incoherent, calling for another hand to do for the books what the author failed to do himself.

How much of this can be laid to the absence of an expanding dialogue? How much of the strange fruit we are now growing, and the appetite with which we devour it, testifies to the need of this conversation that never takes place? The American writer cannot assume that he has the reader who, from the beginning, has followed his story with bated breath, and eagerly awaits the next installment. The reader of books with titles, rather than authors, might be surprised to learn that such a dialogue is not only possible but desirable.

A more detached observer might conclude that both the writer and the reader are perpetually dying, perpetually reborn. In the long run this observer would prove to be right, but the life of a writer is a short run. *For the time being* is such time as he has. The death of the reader, for such a writer, is less a loss of sales than a loss of function — a piece, however small and fragmentary, of his consciousness. When this reader sickens, or merely sleeps, there is some point in sending for the physician, since it is the writer, as well as the novel, for whom the bell tolls.

Rooms for All

COMMUNITY AND PRIVACY. By Serge Chermayeff and Christopher Alexander. Doubleday & Co. 263 pp. $5.95.

ARCHITECTURE IN TRANSITION. By Constantinos A. Doxiadis. Oxford University Press. 199 pp. $7.50.

Frederick Gutheim

Some of the inroads that science is making upon architecture are suggested by these two books. Serge Chermayeff is an Anglo-American architect who was born in Russia, a talented designer but one who has made a career of teaching. Constantinos A. Doxiadis is a Bulgarian-Greek engineer and city planner who has found in the postwar urban growth of developing nations a highly successful business as a private consultant. Since both authors are dealing with disembodied ideas (because neither is concretely concerned with architecture as such), it is astonishing how well they write —compared, let us say, to the turgid prose of that earlier exponent of science-in-architecture, Mr. R. Buckminster Fuller.

Both books are about city planning —and its close cousin, housing. While they start from different points, they arrive at the same destination: the need for low-rise, high-density housing. This is a current wave of interest, already expressing itself strongly in such "new towns" as Cumbernauld (a satellite city near Glasgow) or Reston (a large "new community" now under construction near Washington, D.C.).

Chermayeff argues that if the individual dwelling can be designed in some larger context of a planned community, most of the absurdities of the conventional single-family suburban house (side yards, front yard) can be eliminated. He further recommends that ill-advised, contemporary house plans that strive for "exciting space" at the expense of the older virtue of privacy be scrapped. Instead, he proposes houses set close to one another, in which outdoor spaces are interior courts, patios or atriums, with plans that achieve visual and acoustical privacy. The stricter discipline which these closer relations and greater complexities impose upon the designer has led Chermayeff and Alexander to use a computer to simplify and structure the problem. On the basis of this analysis they have evolved a series of experimental cluster plans that are fascinating in their implications for livability. The execution of some of them would be a splendid housing "demonstration." Based as they are upon a highly developed set of conditions that contribute to privacy, the

A Weather of the Mind

Surrealism. A noun. Defined as ". . . an attempt
to express the real functioning of the mind. . . ."
Which is in squalls, of rain turning to sleet,
the wind direction tending but not unvaried,
with intervals of sun reflected from moving clouds:
a far vista, revealed: a near, obscured
by curtains of water wavering, with lazy pennants
of what over the ocean might be taken for spray;
and after — a freshness, an inhalation, a penetration:

so a climate happens — to fill ditches
for irrigation, and thus, sustenance, and thus
functioning, it has a function. Real. Sure. Surreal.

Gael Turnbull

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resulting plans (whatever one may think of how they were reached) offer an exciting theoretical contribution to the improvement of domestic architecture.

With his big numbers, long-range projections and global scope, Constantinos Doxiadis is the science-fiction city planner. Since his actual works are always disappointing (Eastwick, Islamabad, Baghdad), this charismatic figure seems best on the speaking platform or in the printed page. It is easy to see, from his first book, the charm that has made him such a formidable tufthunter, especially of influential visitors to Athens.

To resolve housing and planning problems, Mr. Doxiadis offers a pseudo-science, adapted, it would appear, to the special needs of those partial dictatorships that unfortunately flourish in developing nations. This discipline of "ekistics" attempts an ambitious coordination of "the work of the masterbuilder" with all other activities relevant to housing, the further elaboration of which is promised in another book, and the small fruits of which are thus far unconvincing. For planning, "ekistics" has produced "dynopolis," the principle of which is that "the modern metropolis can expand in only one direction," and which is offered as "an alternative to death by self-strangulation." Here again we are peppered with dicta, but the argument lacks proof.

Architecture in Transition offers ninety-nine illustrations, most of them conceptual diagrams, architectural sketches, photographs of models from the work of Doxiadis Associates; a few are of historical architecture. The only contemporary building shown (eight views) is Doxiadis' own apartment house in Athens.

Doxiadis concludes that architecture as the Western world knows it has no place in tomorrow's world of teeming urban billions. For those cities of the future (and they seem uncomfortably to resemble Athens, surely the ugliest city of modern creation) he has invented a contemporary folk-architecture, a vernacular, and projected it throughout the world. Not surprisingly, wherever it appears, it is always the same—and that's the way the author says it should be.

Frederick Gutheim, president of the Washington Center for Metropolitan Studies, is the author of The Potomac *(Rinehart)*, 100 Years of Architecture in America *(Reinhold) and other books.*

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"City of sin and starvation"

"The Chinese Communists wanted to kill Shanghai and all it stood for. And in part they have succeeded. Though its face remains unchanged, the city of sin and starvation, ruled by thirteen foreign proconsuls, is no more. . . . There is only the muted clop-clop of thousands of straw- or felt-soled feet on the asphalt pavement. Shanghai today—like Peking, Hankow, Nanking and other major Chinese cities—is a movie with the sound track turned off."

From a recent Newsweek story.
A glimpse of how we read these days.
Have you read Newsweek lately?

Newsweek

One of America's most controversial labor writers takes a long, hard look at what the unions have become- and where they go from here

"MR. JACOBS brings both verve and insight to his task... He says much that is penetrating about every aspect of union practice. His observations deserve both thought and action from organized labor."—A. H. RASKIN, in a front-page review in *The N.Y. Times Book Review*

The State of the Unions

By PAUL JACOBS

$5.00, now at your bookstore

Atheneum

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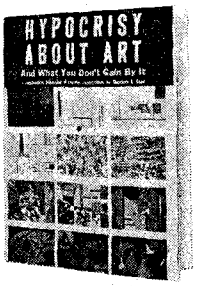
Conjecturism
is the modern approach to art

At last, here's the tough-minded book about art.

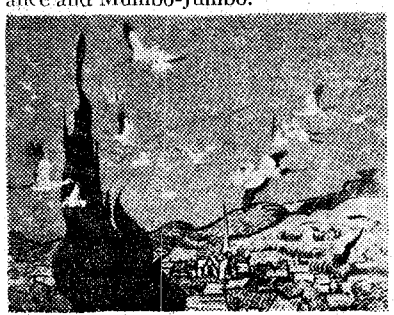


It's as different from the conventional sentimentalities on the subject as the Space Age is from the Dark Age.

The ancient myth about art being immortal is disposed of in the first chapter. (See the famous "stork cartoon" below).

And it is exactly because of this inevitable uncertainty that a completely new approach to art has become necessary — and is being widely adopted: CONJECTURISM.

It's the cautious, reasoned method, rather than the slap-dash, mystic method. It brings art up-to-date much as evolution brought Biology up-to-date — namely by abandoning the rigid certitude and turning towards the experienced but tentative Conjecture. In the moment that man attempts the eternal verdict in art, he defeats his own purpose as certainly as would the meteorologist who ventured beyond the immediate probabilities in his forecasting of the weather. It just can't be done without stepping openly into Clairvoyance and Mumbo-Jumbo.



It's the accident of what men possessing what talents arrive on earth in what quantities and at what times that usually decides which art works are considered "great", and not the qualities in the art works themselves. A sudden surge of "Type A" men, all possessing a special skill in creating (or in understanding) Type A art, will soon reduce that type of art to mediocrity no matter how superior it had previously been considered.

The book, HYPOCRISY ABOUT ART, by Theodore L. Shaw, does much more, however, than expound the principles of Conjecturism. With its 153 pages, its over 160 illustrations, many of them in full color, it demonstrates the practical application of it to specific works of art, and shows how the accuracy of man's *conjectures* can gradually be improved. Whether your purpose is to *create* art or to *understand* and *enjoy* it you will find the book highly interesting and profoundly revealing. The regular price is only $4.95, plus postage, but a postcard will bring it to you on ten days free trial, and as a special offer you will also get the famous *pamphlet (usual price 50¢)* THE GAG ABOUT ART BEING IMMORTAL. The pamphlet is yours as a gift, whether you decide to keep the large book or not. Or, if you prefer, you can remit 50¢ (check, stamps or coins) for the *pamphlet alone*. The 50¢ will count as a credit towards HYPOCRISY ABOUT ART if later, after sending for it on ten-days trial, you decide to keep it. Stuart Publications, Dept. NA-1 330 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02116.

The Devil Theory

WHEN THE WORD IS GIVEN: A Report on Elijah Muhammad, Malcolm X, and the Black Muslim World. By Louis E. Lomax. World Publishing Co. 223 pp. $3.95.

Willie Morris

Black Muslimism is the folk movement of the Negro ghetto. It emerged mainly from the despair of the black urban enclaves of the North, enclosed by a society which inspired hatred less through the institutionalized cruelty of the Deep South than through a subtle hostility and a vast indifference. It is no isolated phenomenon, for its roots lie both in the broader Negro revolt and in the mounting violence of American life. It is the Negro's last stand, his final disaffection.

With its evangelical racism, this is one of the most dedicated movements the country has ever seen. Elijah Muhammad, once described by an orthodox Negro Muslim as "just plain Elijah Poole of Sandersville, Georgia," and Malcolm X, at one time a Harlem procurer and dope peddler who was converted in prison, have brought dignity and importance to a class of people who, until now, have never felt much of either.

Their converts have been imbued with pride in their own history as Negroes, no matter how distorted and charismatic is that history as interpreted for them. The young children particularly seem to come alive with a sense of shared worth. "They seem to have a new reason," Louis Lomax writes, "to go out and do battle with the rats and roaches in the slums that are their homes." Mr. Lomax, an active participant in civil-rights organizations, does not agree with the Black Muslims, but he writes with a deep understanding of the causes of their alienation. He treats the subject seriously, and with tolerance, as it should be treated. *When the Word Is Given* is good journalism, written during the period of Birmingham and the March on Washington to relate the Muslims to the main stream of the Negro revolt.

The black nationalists of the thirties in Harlem, one of Ralph Ellison's characters says in *Invisible Man*, "would . . . denounce the white meat of a roasted chicken." If the Muslims, with their odd dietetic laws, do not go that far, it is due more to an inconsistent dialectic than to a lack of fervor. Malcolm X drew laughter and applause at a rally just after the assassination of President Kennedy by calling it an instance of "the chickens coming home to roost. Being an old farm boy myself, chickens coming home to roost never did make me sad; they've always made me glad."* Malcolm X's call to arms—the mass bloodletting of the "blue-eyed white devil," the "white, filthy, hog-loving beast"—may seem the hallucination of a pathetic demagogue, but who can be sure? As with the murder of Oswald, if it happened it would likely take place in full view of the television cameras, the better to edify our children.

This militancy may be responsible for the fact that a movement with only 20,000 to 25,000 active participants has impressed itself so deeply on the national consciousness that it has caused something of a panic. But I believe there is a deeper reason—an awareness among whites that the Negro *masses* have largely remained silent about the Muslims. Lomax, who predicted in an earlier book (*The Negro Revolt*) that the course of the Negro revolt would shift from the courts to the streets, writes: "There is a reason for this silence, something both the Negro leadership and the white power structure would do well to examine. Deep down in their hearts, as James Baldwin so accurately states, the black masses don't believe in the white man any more. They don't believe in Malcolm either, except when he articulates their disbelief in white people." So in the end they neither join nor renounce the Muslims. "They just sit at home in the ghetto amid the heat, the roaches, the rats, the vice, the disgrace, and rue the fact that come daylight they must meet the man—the white man—and work at a job that leads only to a dead end." The Muslims have forced the white man to see, in its most dramatic and extreme form, the bitterness of the American Negro.

For those who do join, the motive must be no less human than that of escape—escape from drabness into a brotherhood which not only sanctions

Willie Morris, a former editor of the Texas Observer, is presently on the staff of Harper's.

*For this he has been temporarily suspended by the hierarchy from making public statements.

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hatred by teaching that the white man is evil and the black man divine, but which offers an exotic and esoteric mystique. The white redneck of the twenties embraced the rural racism of the Ku Klux Klan for reasons not entirely dissimilar. Despite the apocalyptic expressions of racial violence, Muslim meetings often have the festive mood of a Negro revival in the South; there is much about the Black Muslims that recalls the fiery Protestantism of the Southern Negro.

But Christianity, Malcolm X preaches, is the white man's religion. Under slavery, the black man was encouraged to turn to Jesus. Christianity showed the Negro some mythic salvation, while the whites, employing good secular strategy, stripped him of all dignity and strength. The Negro Christian, like the white, is immoral and corrupt. Only by becoming a Black Muslim can he overcome debilitating evils.

It is no surprise that Malcolm X and the freedom riders, the first wave of significant Negro activism, emerged at about the same time, when the American Negro had begun to grow restless, cynical about the older forms of protest. The militant hatred of the Muslims was challenged by the restrained militance of Martin Luther King. Allah and Jesus, Lomax writes, began to "fight it out for the spiritual allegiance of the American Negro at a lunch counter in Woolworth's."

By the time of Birmingham, the Negro civil-rights revolt, in its fervor and its anger, had caught up with the belligerence of the Muslims. One of Malcolm X's greatest blunders was his attack on King ("a chump, not a champ") and his child demonstrators at the very hour when the spectacle of Birmingham was forging the American Negro into an unprecedented unity.

The most serious weakness in the Muslim ideology is its espousal of the separate state which, Lomax says, even the leaders privately admit they will never get. By committing themselves to the mirage of separatism they render themselves powerless in the fight for more political power, for better employment, housing and education. Cynical as they have been about even the most radical political activities, the Muslim leaders have chosen to neglect the fact that no group or minority in American history has ever gotten anything it wanted without exercising the franchise. They are running the risk, as Lomax argues, of becoming just another Negro sect, expiating destiny "by the shouting of voices, the stamping of feet and the banging of tambourines."

However, Lomax foresees more acumen in future Muslim leadership. Although the hierarchy of the movement is convinced that integration can never be achieved in America, and that the Negro will turn in greater numbers to the men who predicted that the whites would never permit him full participation in American life, it may try to establish some distant rapport with civil-rights activists in order to attain at least a minimum respectability among the more active in the Negro community. The Muslims' first move, Lomax feels, might be to register their people to vote, and then perhaps to support Negro candidates who sympathize with some of their goals. Elijah Muhammad's son, Akbar Muhammad, who has just completed two years of study in Egypt, told a Harlem rally not too long ago: "We must have unity among Negroes. It is time for all of us—CORE, the NAACP, Dr. Martin Luther King, the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee and the Black Muslims—to sit down together behind closed doors and unite."

Whatever course the Muslims take within the larger context of the Negro revolt, their decision will be no trivial one. Their weekly newspaper has the largest circulation of any Negro paper in the country. They conduct a weekly radio program on stations in more than forty cities. Muslim teaching is well known among Negroes.

The Black Muslims, Lomax warns, share with the traditional Islamic peo-

Passage

Body of the peach, feel the new
body of the pit in you:
each breath draws
your death
in its own sweet time.
Snake-skin, knubby stone
lodged
in your belly as in a palate,
you think it won't budge
(every fiber clinging,
drinks)
while heel of its head pushes
dark the rock the red sea
through you.

Jack Marshall

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"...a therapeutic rape..."

"This part of the entertainment is bathed in a slurping sentimentality which gives way to outlandish violence when the nurse counterattacks. In fast order, one of her victimized patients cuts his throat, ol' Mac tries to treat her to a therapeutic rape, is condemned to a prefrontal lobotomy, then smothered to death by a friend to save him from a vegetable existence. Only the audience is worse served."

From a recent Newsweek Theater column. A glimpse of how we read these days. Have you read Newsweek lately?

Newsweek

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ples of the East (whom they may join more closely in the months ahead) a sense of the corruption of white civilization and a corresponding faith in its imminent collapse. "Should our social order change," he writes, "should we somehow come to grips with the evils that have spawned the Black Muslims, the movement would be forced to reform itself or perish."

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

By an odd coincidence, all the plays I have recently seen have cruelty as theme and material. (Perhaps this is not simple accident: there exists an appetite for cruelty in our audiences.) These plays—*Marathon '33* by June Havoc (Anta Theatre), Euripides' *The Trojan Women* (Circle-in-the-Square) and Kenneth Brown's *The Brig* (Midway Theatre: 420 West 42nd Street) —might all be set down as "propaganda."

I will go as far as to dub *Marathon '33* "Socialist realism." Its realism is verisimilitude. The show is a documentary that errs chiefly in its pretension to drama. The dance contests of the thirties, at which couples, for piddling prizes and to the delight of debased audiences, cavorted and lugged one another around for days on end, with only minutes of rest, were one of the infections of that era. June Havoc participated in several of these scabrous events and has reported them in altogether authentic detail. I, myself, the reluctant guest of Chicago hoods, witnessed one such marathon in that city—and watched it for only a quarter of an hour. I stayed all through *Marathon '33*, but with one notable exception. I found its truth hardly more elevating than the real thing.

The play is (negatively) "Socialist" in the sense that it makes the point that people will torment themselves and others (for not only is the exhibition hideous in itself, but the competition among the performing couples is savage) to earn a miserable pittance in the richest land in the world.

The implied "propaganda" of *Marathon '33*, though perhaps symbolically valid, is hardly convincing dramatically. What is conveyed are the crude facts; the characterizations and sentiments are artistically inoperative. The piling up of one ugly demonstrative item after another ends, not in illumination, but in fatigue.

The Actors Studio Theatre production is not at all bad. These good actors strive religiously. But to render such matter theatrical requires a treatment of positively dazzling pyrotechnics. Instead the proceedings are painstakingly dogged.

The complete exception to this is Julie Harris. She might be named a Sister of the Theatre. Her combination of will power and innocence, frailty and force, devotion and humor, courage and charm, grace and resolution is a joy and an inspiration. In the course of the evening she favors us with a silly little "imitation" of Florence Reed as the bawd in that hit melodrama of the twenties, *The Shanghai Gesture*, and a nonsense number which done by anyone else might easily prove embarrassing. Miss Harris makes both turns enchanting. She is our purest and most delightful actress, mingling spunkiness with pathos, without the least affectation or strain. On her account and for Miss Havoc's honorable intention, I pardon the play.

In the introduction to his translation of *The Trojan Women*, Richard Lattimore says, "One can hardly call *The Trojan Women* a good piece of work, but it seems nevertheless to be a great tragedy." Edith Hamilton, whose version of the play is used at the Circle-in-the-Square, calls it "the greatest piece of anti-war literature there is in the world."

Both statements need considerable qualification, but I quote them, not to challenge, but as evidence of why I cannot "criticize" the play or even enunciate an "opinion" of it, while at the same time I advise that it be seen. Any play which can be followed with rapt interest and can provoke erudite controversy after 2,380 years (plays being more perishable than novels) is worth every mature theatregoer's attention!

I have no Greek and even the finest translation of a verse play (particularly of a "dead" tongue) must lose a great deal of its quality and thus even some of its substance. Still the meaning of *The Trojan Women* is unmistakable: it laments the barbarism of war. What is more permanently original about it is that its message is uttered through the mouths of "enemy" women, women of a country alien to the author. Euripides wrote of the legendary Trojan War to condemn his own Athens, while it was still at war (with Sparta) and had just laid waste to an island state that had demanded no more than the right to remain neutral. Thus Euripides, alone among classic dramatists, was a determined pacifist, a man of indomitable conviction, a prophet with little honor in his time (his plays won *second* prizes and Aristophanes ridiculed him), a man self-condemned to exile, a rebel.

He was the archetypal "modern." He introduced individual "psychology" into drama and an intimate note of personal "realism," for which he has been harshly dealt with in our epoch by Nietzsche in that rhapsodic masterpiece of critical interpretation, *The Birth of Tragedy*. However one regards Euripides, his work marks one of the peaks of world literature.

What Lattimore meant in his odd demur is that *The Trojan Women* lacks plot (which Aristotle believed essential to drama), that it is a long lyric outcry of sorrow, anger and derision. The play is not dramatic in the manner of *Medea*. In *The Trojan Women*, Euripides is what the Greeks called him, "the poet of the world's grief." Here, too, he is an embittered skeptic; he knew as well as anyone else that his denunciation of war would not deter. At this final point of his career he revealed himself a total pessimist. "The great, who seem wise, have no more sense than those who rank as nothing." Later he adds, "Never make gods out fools to whitewash your own evil." He was perhaps the first naysayer of Western civilization.

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of the language, I have no idea how a Greek play ought to be done. What are termed Greek productions today probably have much less relation to performances in Pericles' Athens than the translations have to the original tongue. (The Greek theatres held thousands of spectators; the Circle-in-the-Square less than two hundred.) Most that we see are guesses or approximations which very frequently follow a tradition born in Germany with Max Reinhardt rather than with Attic *choregi* ("producer-directors").

I do not, therefore, know precisely how to estimate Michael Cacoyannis' production of *The Trojan Women* in Greenwich Village, except to say that it is intelligent, meticulous, compact —the text clearly articulated "with the measured beat of oars," all movement and speech serving as pulsations, like a heartbeat which spaces and gives a throbbing impact to gestures and sounds.

Due to the limitations I have enumerated (including my own), I cannot say I was as deeply stirred by this *Trojan Women* as I have been in the presence of many an inferior text, but I was held and increasingly impressed by a play that deals with matters of great moment, couched in English not heavy but grave and sturdy. I also rejoiced to see a cast—most conspicuously Mildred Dunnock and Joyce Ebert—and a handsome chorus marked by surprising vocal excellence (though I could not hear all it said) that were not fearful of bold declamation and the discipline of an extremely spare stylization.

As performance, *The Brig* — after *The Connection*, the best work done by The Living Theatre (removed from 14th Street and now going by the name of Exile Productions)—is an unequivocal report. It pictures what happens to marines when they are sent to their corps prison. They are subjected to blows and humiliations of the most ruthless kind, a veritable *Gleichschaltung* of Fascist stripe. There is no action—although the show is all activity—only murderous routine. It is almost a relief when one of the prisoners cracks up in violent hysteria, a scene harrowingly accomplished by George Bartenieff.

The Brig might prove intolerable if it had not been converted into a sort of ballet of brutality, reminding one of the more defamatory drills in *Chips With Everything*. The intended monotony and insanity of beat rivets one to one's seat.

The hazards in such exposés of sadism is that they cannot fail to arouse an equivalent in the viewer. One is less moved to pity than tempted to take a cudgel to the offenders. One experiences a certain complicity with the guilty.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

A ticket-holding friend whose wife was busy invited me to hear Verdi's *Don Carlo* at the Metropolitan Opera House. It was of course marvelous. The sets were lofty and impressive; the acting was athletic; and Messrs. Hines, Tucker and Merrill, Miss Gorr and the others were playing their voices like the great instruments they are. At one point, the Grand Inquisitor of Spain under King Philip II burned forty heretics just off-stage, and in honor of the event much of Maestro Solti's brass section was up there on the platform in costume. At the end, after three and a half hours that never dragged, the ghost of King Charles V, Don Carlo's grandfather, stalked slowly out of his tomb with several other gray-shrouded, ghostly minions, to save Don Carlo from the soldiers of Philip, his father. It was no more than the libretto had predicted, but as the haggard figures from the tomb took Mr. Tucker into protective custody, I was shaken by fine theatrical chills.

The audience in that rich old building is, by design, a sea out front for the artists to sail their talents on. How bitterly a Broadway actor must envy the opera singers their fans—so knowing an audience, so keen, so appreciative, so eagerly attentive, so unlike the audiences common to the West Forties, who seem to me usually to be incapacitated by ignorance, wariness and overfeeding. Opera-goers are like a good professional bleacher crowd at a ball game. Perhaps opera is even a little like baseball in the enthusiastic expertise it develops. Another similarity is that we are getting a new baseball stadium in New York and, soon, a new opera house.

My host and I talked about this between acts of *Don Carlo*, walking

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

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"But if the absurd and horrible deeds in Dallas have any lesson to teach, it is that extremes finally meet in the cloudy, nightmare zone of delusion. The paranoid, whether of the right or left, finally loses all sense of the situation except as a gigantic, personalized wrong to be avenged. Lee Harvey Oswald insisted 'I did not kill anyone.' This was a lie, but it was not an ordinary lie; it was the key to the personality of a singular kind of assassin. As the diabolical psychologist in Richard Condon's 'The Manchurian Candidate' says: '...The resenters, those men with cancer of the psyche, make the great assassins.'"

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around that old architectural feast, the present Met, looking it over once more. There are a number of beastly things about it too. Many upstairs seats have badly obstructed views; you can see the whole stage from them only if you stand up. (Sometimes you are tempted to stand on the seat itself.) Backstage is also, by report, quite inadequate to the exuberant personalities who flourish there. Perhaps the most hideous feature of production at the Met is the fact that those immense stage sets have to be trucked through Manhattan's maddening (and very expensive) traffic for between-show storage in the distant Bronx. In addition, there are numerous people who object to the blackened brick exterior of the old pile. And finally it must be admitted that it gets devilish hot indoors — and, of course, the higher off the orchestra floor, the hotter.

Yet the Met remains, architecturally, to me among many, an endearing place, because it has a magnificence to match opera itself. It is a florid magnificence, rooted to the past, not the made-up magnificence of the tragic new Philharmonic Hall in Lincoln Center. Certainly the detailing and finishing of the old Met are meritricious to modern eyes, but so is Philharmonic Hall—and if we must be meritricious, historical fakery has its points.

One of these points is the fulsome, gloriously lighted ceiling—a real marvel, better than all of Loew's theatres federated into one. Another is the vast worn-velvet and chipped-plaster sumptuosity of the place, which over the years has become more pleasant than pretentious. And there are, of course, several serious things that are very right about the present Met. One is the acoustics. It is my experience that even if you have to stand on your seat to *see*, you can always hear, and hear well. Reverberation is killed almost completely by the intricate surfaces all over the hall. Thus a voice comes to you directly, pointedly, to *you*, and then perishes, with no overshadowing. This, it would appear, was the result of intelligent application of acoustical tradition, before acoustics became an exact science, if it has.

Another high achievement of the Met designers is the intimacy of the house. It seats 3,300 (and often stands another 300), yet it remains very personal. This, I would guess, must mean a good deal to the singers, and the very intimacy must be credited with developing that close audience engagement. The architectural technique that produces this quality is, again, quite traditional; the boxes and various balconies tier up the walls, one after another, so there is no vast empty stretch of wall. Instead, the walls are papered with people, as the designers say. When nothing is happening on stage, when the house lights are up, the people enjoy looking at one another. It is very festive. Compare the Met with, for example, the City Center. Although the City Center has 300 fewer seats, it is a dreary barn of a place, where it is quite possible to buy a ticket, attend, and neither see nor hear adequately.

What I'm leading up to must be apparent by now. Let's tear down the City Center, and save the old Met—which, it appears at present, must be expected to perish when the new Met in Lincoln Center is completed in 1967. It is incredible to imagine such a successful space, of such a rare, difficult and costly sort, being towed out to sea as bargeloads of rubble, yet that apparently is what will happen. What other city would do it? What other city would permit Penn Station to be ripped down! New York is the expendable town.

There is nothing wrong, of course, with building a new Met at Lincoln Center. No one should miss the chance to build a new full-scale opera house —an opportunity that probably will not be repeated this century in Manhattan. It is an occasion for rejoicing. Still, there are more than sentimental reasons for hoping the old Met may be spared. For some years, the New York public has been filling (if not exactly supporting) two opera houses, and Met tickets are notoriously among the scarcest in town. If one of the houses must go down, surely it should be the one that is incomparably the less appetizing to both audience and artists, the one that has incomparably the thinner tradition.

For logic aside, there is a reality to sentiment as well. In New Haven, recently, the perceptive English historian, Nicolaus Pevsner, described the "great fascination in being in an old building, because—to quote that great master of fantastic architecture, Sir John Vanbrugh — 'because old buildings move lively and pleasing Reflections on the Persons who have inhabited them, or the remarkable things which have been transacted in them, or the extraordinary Occasions of erecting them.'" This may be even truer of old opera houses than of most other buildings.

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"I am the self-consumer of my woes"

I woke with a tear for morning star and carried it into the street as a wedding ring for the day. But the street turned alien. No one—no man or woman, not even a child — would sample the tender salt or refresh himself with its sting. Behind each face I felt the skull grinning with perfect teeth.

Confronting a slick cheek in a window, Brother, I thought, have some remorse! But do not fast or even abstain from meat. When the flesh of cattle, of swine, of lettuce, tomato, artichoke hearts compels your need, let your eyes melt in an intimacy of farewell. All flesh is mortal.

I turned away from that image, entered a restaurant, and fed. A tear lay cold on my cheek. What had I consumed?

David Leviten

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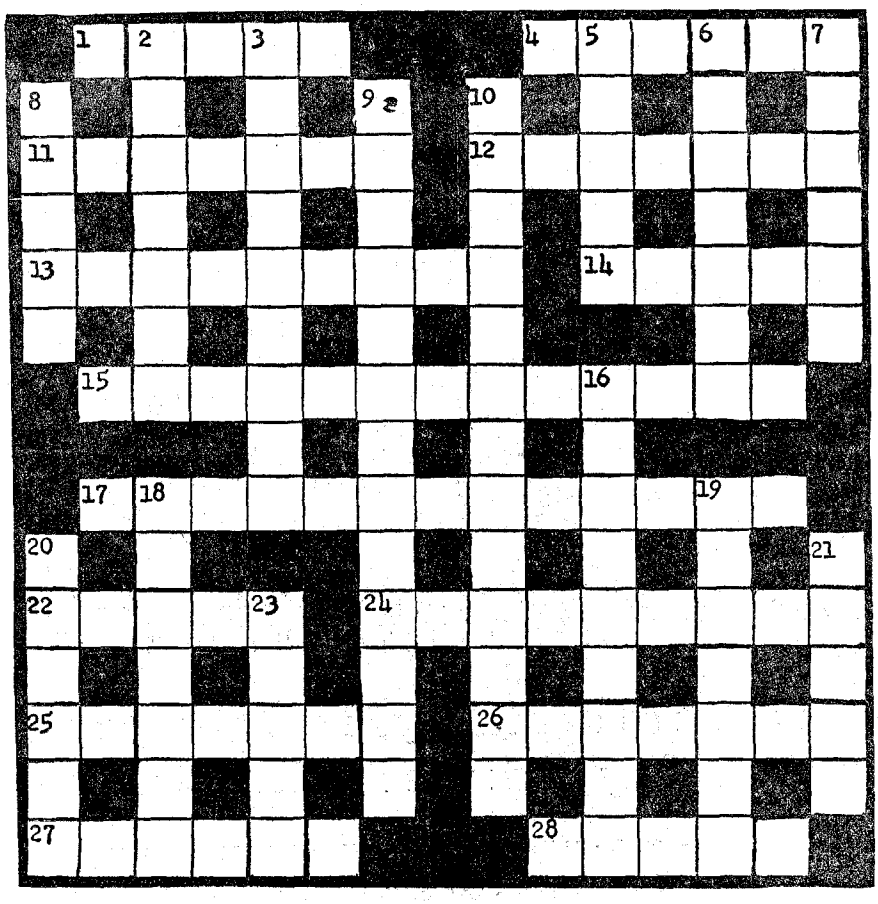
Crossword Puzzle No. 1041

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Strikes against what would be left with some writers. (5)
4 What's bad about an egg flip? The game may be. (6)
11 Mona, nee Coelenterata. (7)
12 Blow up, perhaps. (7)
13 Order based on rice and regulation. (9)
14 and 2 down Questioning the concept of irritable complaint? (5, 3, 4)
15 A normal amount to drink with what's left in the pot — but soldiers may know how to get around such things. (6, 7)
17 To prove things otherwise, there is time for the rest of the trip. (9, 4)
22 See 9 down
24 Worth size 13, without one. (9)
25 Proving a herb is tending to be lower in price. (7)
26 How to help circle around as a type of party? (7)
27 The awkward result of being a follower — with provisions, of course. (6)
28 Eager to come to an understanding? (5)

DOWN:

2 See 14 across
3 See 9 down
5 Incandescent when silver goes down. (5)
6 Fish to catch and make an ornamental string. (7)
7 Fond of putting things on, perhaps. (6)
8 Base occupied on the operatic stage? (5)
9, 22 across and 3 down An air of spirit with an underweight but well-tanned animal, by the sound of it. (6, 4, 3, 5, 5, 4)
10 A peculiar sort somewhere in the sky during certain periods. (6, 7)
16 Is making a turn-over so disturbing? (9)
18 Wandering state, in short, with its ultimate captor. (7)
19 Peremptory demand for room, showing a biased attitude. (3, 4)
20 They may shed 22, as types of early theater. (6)
21 Indian invocation to the wise man? (5)
23 Yours, in the old way. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1040

ACROSS: 1 Stout-hearted Men; 9 and 24 Lake of the Woods; 10 Carom; 11 Osmose; 12 Clambake; 14 Absconds; 16 Urals; 17 Split; 18 Chemises; 20 Remember; 21 Paints; 25 Opinioned; 26 Keep off the grass. DOWN: 1 Salmon; 2 Oakum; 4 Eats; 5 Reenlisted; 6 Excommunicating; 7 Marmalade; 8 Numbers; 13 Touched off; 15 Bull Moose; 17 Sarawak; 19 Asides; 22 and 3 No, no, a thousand times no; 23 Dish.

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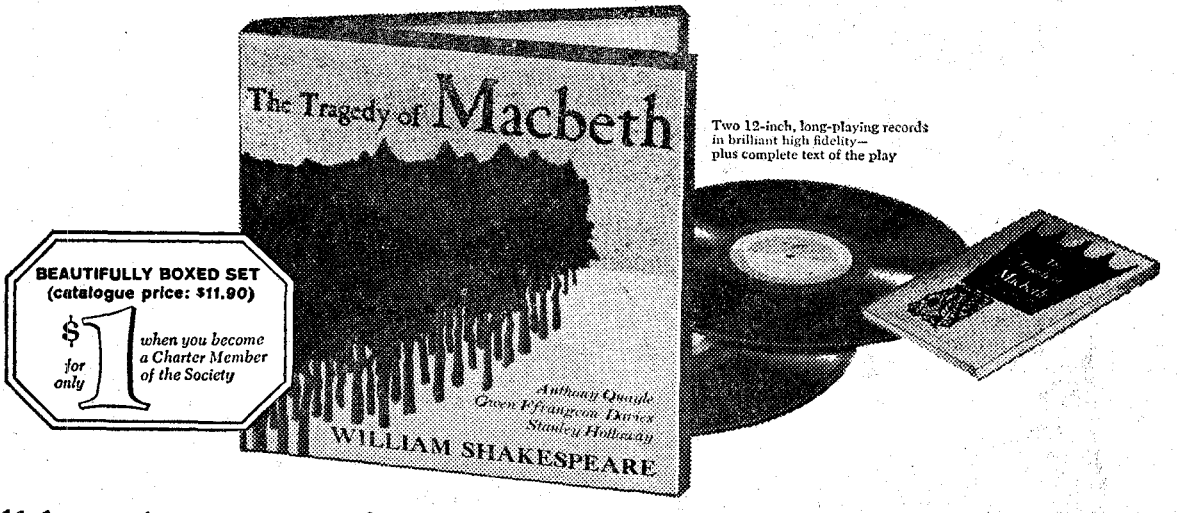
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